

THE MACON BEACON

65th YEAR

MACON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1914.

NUMBER 11

Early Recollections of Old Noxubee.

To the Beacon:

Along about 1883 when every available man was needed at the front and when furloughs to soldiers were few and far between, and when newspapers were a rarity, there only being a few published, it was the habit of people in Shuqualak and for miles around to gather at the post office each day to get letters from their sons, husbands, brothers and sweet hearts, and opening of them and reading to the assembled gathering the "latest from the front," each one doing this and in this way a pretty good idea could be obtained of how the Confederate side was progressing, and as sad as was the mission of these people, for there was hardly a day but what a letter would come telling of some dear one who had been slain in battle, there was an occasional letter received, recounting camp life that would provoke the laughter of the crowd.

In these gatherings there were generally a lot of old, sun-bonnet, spectacled women, some of them from the rural districts as far as seven miles away, and one morning at the post office I remember a certain one of them having received a letter from her son, and breaking it open, proceeded to read as follows:

"My dear Mother. I have some sad news to tell you. Yesterday while I was cleaning my army pistol, just before roll-call and inspection, I shot my through yesterday."

And when she got to the last five words she broke out into a hysterical cry, as though her heart was broken, and exclaimed, now half-crying, "Boo, hoo, poor Jim shot his through, boo, hoo, hoo. Now it might be his head or his body that he means, and if so what am I to do?"

Col. Thomas Haynes was the postmaster, and hearing her lamentations, stepped out from behind the railings to console her if possible, he offering the suggestion that "he couldn't possibly be dangerously shot; if so he could not have written, and evidently that is his hand-writing, for I have often seen it." He then proceeded to tell her, telling her to write back and ascertain what he meant by having said, "I shot my through yesterday," and this she did, and at length there came a letter back to her expressing sorrow for the distress he had given her and saying that "I should have said 'I shot my hand through yesterday.'" "You see mother," said the letter, "I left out the hand."

The son, (Jim was his name, and belonged to Pinson's cavalry, and his mother Mrs. McM.), he always did have a blunt way of expressing himself and after he returned from the war and people would guy him about the incident, he would explain thus: "I intended to say I shot my hand through yesterday," and this created more laughter, for as will be seen, it was a most clumsy way of expressing it."

For months during the war, after this post office incident happened, the common salutation on the streets when people met was, "Dear mother, I shot my through yesterday."

Another laughable incident happened when the 6th Mississippi Cavalry, in 1862, spent the winter at West Point, Miss., having their winter quarters there.

Stealing horses from the soldiers at night was a common thing, and one morning when a hayseed member of the company arose and found his horse gone, the fun started, for he railed out at the top of his voice, a thousand men heading it, "I'll be goshed if some galoozer haint stole old stockin' laig; and I'm jes' the persimmin what kin lick him, ef he wears hair, fer fightin' air my name."

Now there was a fellow in the command who went by the nick-name of "Boss," and as the name rhymed with "hoss," some witty fellow suggested that "Boss" had stolen the "hoss," and this was the signal for starting a yelling from one end of the camp to the other, one fellow hollering out "Who stole the hoss?" and simultaneously a dozen voices at the end of the line came singing back, "Boss," and this was kept up until finally the poor fellow, whose patience had become exhausted with having his name mixed up in a horse-stealing scrape, got a transfer to another command, rather than remain under such a cross-fire.

Half of a soldier's living then was the fun he could have, and when they once started after a fellow it was "all night" with him.

History repeats itself. Three months back it will be remembered that I referred in one of my articles to Miss "T." Lyle, of Macon, who was a school-mate of mine at Shuqualak, and my first sweetheart, she boarding with Dr. Campbell's family, being a chum of Dr.

Wreck on Mobile & Ohio

Fireman Killed and Engineer
Losec Arm—Caused
by Wreckers.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 31.—Sawing through the lock which held fast the switch at 13 Mile siding, thirteen miles above Mobile, unidentified persons caused the wrecking of train No. 2, fast passenger on the Mobile and Ohio railroad at 8:40 o'clock Tuesday night. One life was lost, three persons were injured and it was only through the presence of mind of Engineer Bill Riggan in putting on the emergency air-brakes when he realized all was not right, that the lives of the passengers were saved.

THE DEAD—Fireman John M. Hodge, Meridian.

THE INJURED—Engineer Bill Riggan, Meridian; Express Messenger C. T. Humphries, Corinth, Miss.; Porter Handy Christian, colored, Mobile.

The engine, tender and express car turned over while the baggage coach was thrown crossways of the track. The second class coach was also derailed but remained upright, the other coaches holding to the rails. The overturned engine, tender and express car are badly twisted and torn and are resting in a ditch alongside the track. From this mass of wreckage both Engineer Riggan and Express Messenger Humphries escaped, but Fireman Hodge was pinned beneath the overturned engine and scalded to death.

Campbell's daughter, Miss Mollie. She afterwards married a Mr. Collins, and I now see where a Mrs. Pattie Lyle Collins, of Mississippi, was recently killed by an automobile in Washington, where she was serving in the postoffice department, the Washington papers speaking of her as an expert in postoffice work.

Now this is the same girl that I went to school with, for "Pattie T. Lyle" was her name, she then going by the name of "Miss T. Lyle," the word "Pattie" never being used and only when mentioned her name.

I merely mention this to show how true to life have been my narratives in the BEACON. J. J. HAYNIE, Quitman, Miss., December 22, 1913.

The Possibilities for Beef.

It was the settling up with farms and agriculture of the Western plains that has made beef costly, where once it was cheap, and the notion has grown up that cattle cannot be raised in sufficient numbers to feed the people since there are no longer any vast open regions for free grazing grounds left in the country.

Belgium is perhaps the most densely populated country in Europe if not in the world, and it still has large numbers of cattle.

Here is an official statement of the number of cattle to the square mile in several countries, including our own, and it shows that there is still room in the United States to raise cattle, thus:

COUNTRY.	YEAR.	NUMBER CATTLE SQUARE MILE.
Belgium	1911	160
Denmark	1909	150
Netherlands	1910	159
U'd Kingdom	1911	97
United States	1913	19

If the experience of these countries is worth anything, then there is no ground for the feeling that as population increases and the demand for more food products from the soil becomes more urgent, the live stock must be crowded out. It is simply a question of increased production, of the limits of which we have not yet reached even the outer fringe. These countries all produce more to the acre than we do, and no small share of the credit is due to the large proportion of cattle to fertilize the land.

Without doubt the people of the United States can raise cattle enough to make beef, and do dairying enough to feed its people, but they must do as is done by the people of other countries.—Pick-yune.

"Everybody in our family's some kind of an animal," said Bobby to the amazed lady visitor. "What nonsense!" she exclaimed. "Well," replied Bobby, "mother's a deer, my baby sister is mother's little lamb, I'm the kid and dad's the goat."—Dundee Advertiser.

Photographer in Macon.

Will make exposures Monday and Tuesday of each week. Pictures finished in Columbus and delivered the following week. MACON BRIDGE, over Bank of Macon.

Sad Death of Pattie Lyle Collins.

Knocked Down and Killed by an
Auto in Washington Dec. 23.

The news of the death in Washington of Mrs. Pat. Lyle Collins was received with the deepest regret by her friends of long-ago in Macon, where she was spent her early youth and womanhood. The following account of her sad death is taken from the New Orleans Picayune. Her remains were interred in Washington.

Washington, Dec. 24.—(Special)—Charles Dranghn, negro chauffeur for Mrs. D. M. Donner, whose automobile last night ran down and killed Mrs. Pattie L. Collins, of Mississippi, one of the best known employees of the Post-office Department, was held today for action of the grand jury by a coroner's jury at the inquest over Mrs. Collins' body.

Mrs. Collins was appointed from Macon, Miss., in 1879. She was famous as the "blind reader" of the Dead Letter Office. It was her duty to decipher addresses which no one else could read.

Unclaimed and unidentified, Mrs. Collins' body lay at the morgue at Emergency Hospital until this morning, when Michael D. Schaefer, chief clerk of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, Navy Department, a relative, called at the hospital and identified the body. Dr. Arthur Zinkhan, the ambulance surgeon, said Mrs. Collins had been killed instantly. She was about 65 years old.

For many years Mrs. Collins had charge of the great mass of "Santa Claus" mail sent to the Postoffice Department every holiday season, and among the employees of the department and to many others about the city she was affectionately known as "Mother Santa Claus." Many a letter that contained a pathetic appeal for some Christmas gift from a child whose parents were too poor to buy Christmas toys was turned over by Mrs. Collins to big-hearted people who saw that the child got a present.

She was the original "Saint Nicholas" and children all over the country bore only a card on which was written "From Mother Santa Claus."

She leaves a daughter, wife of Lieutenant Zahn, of the navy, and a son, who lives in Cuba. She was descended from distinguished revolutionary stock, Colonel Lyle, of South Carolina, being a relative.

Mrs. Zahn, Mrs. Collins' daughter, arrived here tonight from New York City, and went at once to the undertaking shop where the body was taken to night from the hospital. It will be decided tomorrow whether Mrs. Collins will be buried here or at her old home in Macon.

Use the Parcel Post.

We very much doubt if the people, as a whole, especially the farmers, fully appreciate the parcel post, which is yet in its infancy.

Business firms have taken advantage of the parcel post, but the producers, the farmers, don't seem to care for it as much as they should.

If the farmer would but study the advantages offered him by the use of the parcel post he would, we believe, find himself considerably closer to the consumer, which would be quite as good for the consumer as it would for the producer.

If the farmer would but use the telephone in connection with the parcel post, it is altogether probable that he could increase his sales and derive a greater profit from his product, through the elimination of the middleman, the parcel post offering a daily medium of quick transportation, preventing delays in marketing and often waste in product through decay, etc.

The parcel post was established for the people of the present day, not for the generations to come, though they will use it, of course, when they do come.

"Get wise" to the use of the phone and parcel post. It is a great combination.—Meridian Star.

The firing of Capt. W. P. Brown, the leading cotton bull operator in the world, was a compromise to avoid annoyance. The \$4,000 paid was less than a law fee. Strange that he and his colleagues should be prosecuted for fighting up the price of cotton, while the crowds in the wheat, meat and oil markets, making similar fights, were spared. Brown is a Mississippi boy, from our neighbor-county of Lowndes. We are glad to know he has a few millions left.—Aberdeen Examiner.

Liv-Ver-Lax, the liver regulator, Ask the MURPHY DRUG STORE.

To Everybody Everywhere

May Your Christmas

be a

Merry One

and the

New Year Happy,

Healthful and a

Prosperous one

A. Klaus & Co.

COLUMBUS MARBLE WORKS

I have the agency in Noxubee county of the above Marble Works. Only first-class work is turned out and every piece guaranteed.

H. E. DORROH, Agent,
Macon, Mississippi

Politics Vs. Slobber.

It is disgusting to hear people talk about "politics" in connection with the arraignment of any more or less public man on charge of felony or malfeasance. This persistent endeavor to switch serious charges from the domain of the courts to the haunts of the hoodlums where fellow feeling and attributes may bolster filthy records, is the dodge of the guilty, and there is nothing of politics in it. It may and often does savor of partizanism, but never of "politics," though in fact there is a large element unable to distinguish between the selfish bickerings of aspirants and the noble lines that bound honorable issues and constitute politics such as were discussed on varying lines by such men as George, Lamar, Walthall, Money, Muldrow, Catchings, Reynolds, Lowry, Stone and the other untainted statesmen who made Mississippi politics illustrious.—Aberdeen Examiner.

COAL Three Grades Three Prices

GOOD
"MICO"

BETTER
"HARGROVE CAHABA"

BEST
"CLIMAX"

ACCURATE WEIGHTS
PROMPT DELIVERIES

MACON ICE CO.

OFFICE PHONE 39

RESIDENCE 145

Christmas boxes of Fancy Candy at Bookstore,